

Interest

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Category: Naruto

Language: English

Characters: Hinata H., Sasuke U.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 18:36:42

Updated: 2016-04-10 18:36:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:27:30

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,016

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: He will never rid himself of the first time he had heard her cry, how her soft hiccups cut through the silence of the night as she trembled and shifted her weight delicately over tufts of grass from left to right, head tucked against scabbed knees as tiny arms found themselves holding ragged legs up and pressed together. (MIGHT CONTINUE)

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He will never rid himself of the first time he had heard her cry, how her soft hiccups cut through the silence of the night as she trembled and shifted her weight delicately over tufts of grass from left to right, head tucked against scabbed knees as tiny arms found themselves holding ragged legs up and pressed together.

He hadn't meant to watch her- the time slots that these two had crossed were all too coincidental for his liking, and if he were to take ANYTHING from this unknowing (on her part at least) encounter, it was that the smaller ninja made no sound when she walked, or at least upon entrance to the small seclusion. (And he even wondered for a moment if that had been purposeful or not on her part. Their paths never did seem to cross within the walls of the academy- yet he retires the thoughts nonetheless). Rather, Sasuke wished he hadn't been there all together to witness such a pathetic act, and only staying due to his own apprehension that she may notice him on his way down, and take play in an all too unwanted confrontation.

Terribly awkward.

A silent sigh presses his back deeper against the splintering wood of the tree as an arm rises to dangle over his midsection, eyes flicking upwards and getting lost within it's vegetation, the steady illumination of the moon peeking through breaches within the brush. Lips pursing, he sits in thought.

He recognized the girl, not initially of course- for the Uchiha knew he had never spoken but a single word to this classmate in particular, having no reason anyhow. He had only seemed to hit the nail on the head once onyx eyes found themselves widening ever so slightly at the milky, lavender gaze of the Hyuuga, a trait passed down by a strong, strict clan of punctuality and formality that is known for their combat and most specifically, byakugan.

Yet there she was, a rather stark contrast to her lineage's reputation.

Because she was so weak.

Her hesitance would get her killed, he thought, and her downright gentle techniques that held no real power would do little in any actual combat that threatened life or death- and yet even that little exertion had caused exhaustion to rake through her body, forcing her legs to buckle as the girl tumbled to her knees and shuddered with fatigue, sweat coating her petit frame in it's own distinct fashion. In a way, it only reminded Sasuke of his own frustrations when he had to be trained in his families own distinct techniques.

Yet there was little to no sympathy given on his behalf.

But he DID find himself to be Intrigued, in a manner of speaking.

There was something admirable about her ambition, something Fascinating even? He couldn't quite put his finger on it as his eyes slowly trailed back to the tired girl as she once again, stood, wiped the sweat, mud, and tears from her face and started the process all over again. He pushed blame to his curiosity being unavoidable due to her OWN abnormal behavior, for every time she fell, every time she whimpered in pain and collected a new cut, and scrape, and bruise to add to her ongoing collection, she would stand- her seemingly blank eyes narrowing with concentration.

Those pupil ridden hues he found, held more emotion than any man nor woman he had ever come across.

The fascination was there on his part- but confusion meeting him halfway because he simply couldn't connect WHY, when the girl was so pathetically weak, she would keep getting right back up. Her posture was wrong and her chakra flow was slow, speed was there, yet she lacked the balanced stamina as her chest fell and rose, lungs begging for air even when breathing only seemed to scratch against her parched throat more than sedate her pleading lungs. In lesser terms, she was tired- for with every hit and every kick, her face would grow hotter from clear over exertion parted with her own taste of stubbornness, and she would simply fall again, landing on her side now rather than her palms as she gasped and sputtered, wheezing as she tried to make some attempt at collecting herself.

But then she would pick herself back up and start again, eyes tinged red with unformed tears due to either pain- or her own feeling of ridicule.

She must've known she was weak.

If she didn't everyone else had to have. But she still stood again,

and again, and again.

This continued on until she had finally come to terms that anymore and she would pass out, for she had gotten to the point of exhaustion to where further training simply meant silent slapping of the wooden stumps.

He scoffs as he watches her, it's surprising how she carries herself â€" someone of her strength would limp as they walked after all that's been done, desperately finding something to lean against, for their own weight would now deem too much to carry- yet that's not how she acted. Rather, even after she still tried to hold strong and walk straight with all her might- sure her head is tucked against her collar and she hugs tired, sore arms to her chest, but she's walking with perseverance.

She was so ****desperate****.

He waited until her small figure had been out of his range before jumping down, eyes seeming to fall on the training posts and lingering on subtle dents made against them- she had done that, or at least tried.

Turning, hands stuffed into the pockets of his shorts he looks beyond.

Weak, cowardly, shy, foolish as she longed for a boy who barley knew of her existence, fidgeting and passing out due to her own taste of social anxiety (he knew she was familiar by not just her eyes). But she still tried, nonetheless.

He found that she may be weak, but there was something, glimmering in her eyes that he found to be respectable, even for a coward like her.

End
file.